

SINGING OF GOOD TIMES.

Let us sing about the good times in the valleys—the hills—the music of the mocking birds—the joy of all the hills:
 Let us see in all the winters, where the snow lies chill and deep,
 The soil that yearns to blossom where the flowers are safe in sleep.

Let us sing about the good times: they are bright on plain and slope,
 And all the world is ringing with the silvery bells of Hope;
 The blue sky bend above us—the grass is green and sweet,
 And the violets spread a carpet for the falling of Love's feet.

Let us sing about the good times: they are coming right along,
 And all the world is sweeter for their halcyon song;
 And hark! for Love and living—for no blessing Love denies,
 And life's a sweet thanksgiving to the glad answering skies!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER

James Mitchell came out of the hotel office of the Great Northern the other morning with his cigar between his fingers and a toothpick in his mouth. He had been in the city five days on business, and a few minutes this morning in an office over on LaSalle street would see it wound up.

When James left home in Denver, a week before, his partner had said to him: "Don't be in a hurry about coming home; take it easy; everything is in good shape, and we will not miss you for a couple of weeks."

He threw his toothpick away and lit his cigar and bought a morning paper. After devouring the news that interested him his eye caught the name of the town up in Wisconsin where his last college days were spent.

"Next week is commencement up there, is it, and I haven't been up there since I left school in '68. Believe I'll run up for a day and look the old town over, and see if it has changed any."

Walking out to Dearborn street he turned his gaze to the north. "Be hanged if I don't do it—it will do me good. I'll be a boy again for one day, anyway." Arranging his business matters at once he wired his partner: "Everything satisfactory; going up in Wisconsin a couple of days." At 11:30 he was on his way, and in a few hours was nearing the old college town.

"I guess the best room in the house isn't any too good for me this trip," thought James, for he was a boy again, and bound to get his money's worth.

After supper he hurriedly lit a cigar, and climbing the college hill walked about the well-shaded grounds. "The building looks smaller, but the trees have grown some. Thirty-three years this month since I came out of that old camp. How time flies!"

He walked about the grounds in the long June twilight, and returned to the hotel by a circuitous route. Passing an old-fashioned residence a few blocks from the college he stopped and gazed at it for a long time. "On that porch I bade Anna King goodbye, wondering then when I would see her again, but I never did. Poor girl, she died 25 years ago." He walked down the electric lighted streets, looking in the young faces he met (for the usual commencement crowd was in town), wondering why he did not meet Ezra or Fred, for you see he was a boy again, and looking for boyish friends.

The college bell awoke him the next morning. "It sounds natural," mused our friend. "I mustn't be late this morning." He shaved and bathed, thinking his face wasn't quite so smooth as last time he had shaved here, the day he went home, and the gray hairs were plenty enough now.

"Never mind, I'll be a boy to-day anyhow." Nine o'clock found him again walking about the college grounds with his hands behind his back, and a cigar in his mouth. Sitting down on a shaded bench his thoughts went back to his last week at school. "My room used to be in the third story in the nearest corner. Wonder what kid had it this term. Across the hall Snow and Taylor roomed. Snow I lost track of—Taylor is a rich lumberman in northern Michigan." So intent had our friend become engrossed in his thoughts he had not noticed the levy of young girls, who, coming out of the ladies' hall, sat down on the lawn in the shade near him. Unconsciously their conversation attracted his attention, and before he knew it he was interested. "Sweet girl graduates, most of them; it sounds natural to hear them chatter. Wish I could scrape up an acquaintance. Wonder if they would feel offended if I walked over and interviewed them. Believe I'll try it. Guess my age will protect me." But fate was kind to him and made his introduction easy.

"Ida Gray," one of them said, speaking to a companion a short distance from him, "I thought you told

me the other day that your father was coming down here for commencement."

"So he is, and my brother Harry. They left Green Bay yesterday afternoon, and went to Milwaukee on business and will be here to-morrow."

"I'll bet that is Harry Gray's daughter; he used to live in Green Bay, and that girl has got his features if I am not mistaken. I am going to find out any way." And walking up to the one addressed as Ida Gray, he said: "Excuse me, but I heard you speak of your father and also mention Green Bay. Did your father attend college here some time in the '60s?"

"Yes, and mamma also." "And your father was Harry Gray?" "Yes, sir." "And, excuse me again, who was your mamma before she was married?"

"Carrie Elwell," was the reply. "Here is my card, Miss Gray. I knew both your parents, attended school here with them in '67-8, and this is my first visit since that time."

Miss Gray introduced our bachelor friend to her young associates and remarked: "I have heard papa speak of you, Mr. Mitchell, quite often. I am sure he would like to see you when he comes in the morning." "I am sorry that I must go on the early train. Give him my card and my regards, and your mother also." "And so Gray married Carrie Elwell and this is their daughter. Nice-looking girl," he mused.

Throwing away his cigar and entering one of the buildings, he walked about the halls and looked in some of the recitation rooms, with a feeling almost of sadness. "Wonder I wouldn't meet some of the old boys here. Presume we would not recognize each other, if I did." He passed out of the building and through the grounds to the brow of the hill overlooking the "lower town," and looked for a long time for a little brown house, over whose front gate he was wont to linger on summer evenings. But the cottage was gone and a more modern villa stood in its place.

That afternoon he passed the church near the college buildings where the young people seemed to be gathering. "Some sort of a concert; guess I'll go in," and telling the usher to give him a back seat, he crowded himself in the farthest corner. The church filled rapidly. "What young faces; seems as though I looked older when I used to come here. This is the finest singing I ever heard," as a sweet-voiced girl bowed her acknowledgments to the generous applause given her. "Wish she would sing again; sounds like Anna King, the last time I heard her from that same platform."

When the crowd passed out people wondered who the solid looking business man could be who seemed so much interested in all that was going on.

After supper he walked about the streets of the quiet little city, meeting and passing young people, "spooney" couples who paid him no attention. "Just as it used to be commencement time, only I hope they won't be as long coming back here as I have been."

When he paid his bill the next morning, he noticed among the late arrivals, "William Chadbourne, Menominee, Mich." "Down here for commencement, too," and he thought of the vacation he had spent with this old schoolmate up in Michigan, and remembrance of a fishing trip and the smell of the cedar swamps all came back to him as fresh as though it all happened yesterday.

Seated in the Pullman opposite him in the "Colorado Special" on his way home next day was a business acquaintance from Denver, accompanied by his wife and young daughter. Coming over and shaking hands with James in his section, he tried to draw him into conversation. "What is your idea about Northern Pacific?" he asked. "Northern Pacific be blowed," was the reply. He did not say "blowed"—something more emphatic. "What do I know about Northern Pacific? I am just out of school," and he turned his gaze out of the window.

"Who was the man you were talking to opposite, papa?" inquired little Miss Denver. "That is James Mitchell, the millionaire." "What makes him so cross, papa?" "Can't tell, daughter; perhaps some nice lady has given him the mitten." "Is he an old bachelor?" "Yes, and a regular old crank."

When James' partner greeted him on his return he remarked that his day up in Wisconsin had done him good. "You have grown younger, Jim." "Yes, I was a boy again at school. Am going up next summer and stay a week."

That afternoon the clerks in the office exchanged smiles at the snatches of a song which they could catch as they fell from the lips of the senior member of the firm of Mitchell & Fletcher.

"First time in ten years I have heard him sing," whispered the stenographer to the cashier.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

Influence of Certain Journals on Minds of the Middle Classes.

In England, says the Cornhill, there exists no such organ of popular appeal as the Petit Journal. Yet long before the days of Fashoda it sufficed for an ambassador hostile to England to make his influence felt in this and other organs for that chronic and latent secular misunderstanding between France and England to be revived in its most menacing form. Instantly every member of the lower middle class in three-quarters of the villages of France was offered daily plausible reasons for detesting England. Exactly in the same way, in the days of M. Crispi, before the subtle and useful influence of Count Tori-nielli, backed by that of the French ambassador in Rome, made itself felt both at the French foreign office and in French society, it sufficed for a single journalist, now dead, to indulge daily in that amusement of pin-pricking peculiar to Lilliputian minds, for France and Italy to glare at each other across the gulf of Lyons with the very glint of vendetta passion in their eyes.

In both of these cases the opinion of France was positively determined by artificial pressure. It was a phenomenon like that of suggestion upon an impressionable nature. And if during a period of two weeks these writers, who subserved thus their own private ends, had suddenly interrupted their campaign, subsequently undertaking one diametrically the opposite, insulting those whom they had acclaimed and complimenting those whom they had systematically traduced, it is absolutely certain that their readers would have been thrown automatically into a state of mind just the contrary of that against which England and Italy had so much reason to complain. This is a phenomenon, of course, imitable, more or less, in any country in the world among those members of society who read only one newspaper and whose field of consciousness, as the psychologists say, is limited. But it is singularly true in France.

BY A HAIR'S BREADTH.

Bald-Headed Man Makes a Wager and Wins It.

An elderly gentleman got into a railway carriage, and had hardly taken his seat when he was surprised by the conversation of a man whose every other word was an oath.

This seemed to distress the company, and especially the old gentleman, who determined to try and cure him.

He spoke to the man about his swearing, who immediately swore at him and wanted to fight.

"No, no," said the old gentleman, "we won't fight. Let's have a tugging match, and if you lose you give up swearing."

This was agreed to. A line was drawn across the carriage, and they were to pull each other across this by the hair of their heads, the one being over the line first to lose. They stood up and faced each other, and the question was asked: "Are you ready?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, who at once pulled off his hat. The other started back at the roar of laughter which greeted him, for he had lost.

The old gentleman was bald-headed!—London Answers.

Municipal Advertising.

In the little Dutch city of Leiden the municipality itself manages the public advertising and so frees the picturesque, canal-cut streets from un-kempt boardings. The city erects at the principal corners and by canal bridges boards of neat and attractive design for public notices. A projecting top prevents the rain from tearing or washing away the bills, the boards are surmounted by ornamental wood-work, and the advertising is thus not only kept in bounds, but is made almost artistic.

Napoleon's Soldiers.

According to Bohn's "Queer Statistics," there were 4,556,000 men enrolled into the French army by Napoleon between 1791 and 1813. Of that number three-fourths died in battle of wounds.

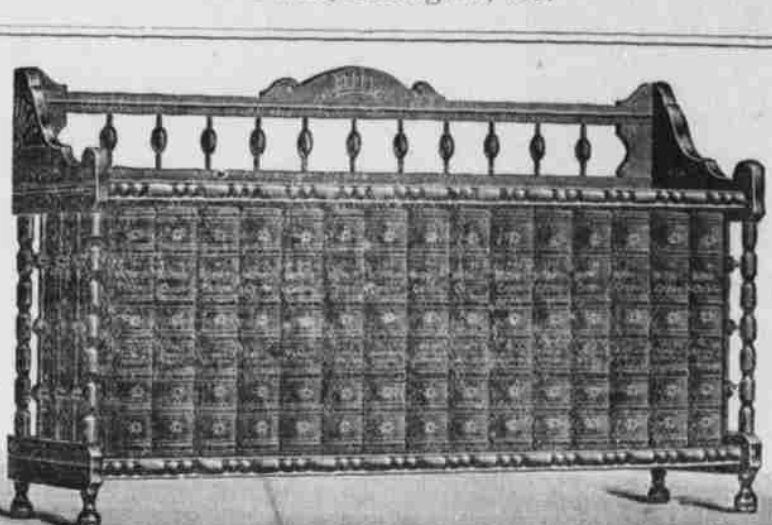
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